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Ludden & Bates, Southern Music House

J. Fletcher Pace, Mgr. Arcadia Branch

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Life Lines Crossed

(Original.)

Our lives may be charted by lines. These lines are continually crossing and at times becoming entangled with each other.

My father had been a wealthy New Yorker, but in some way—I never knew how—his fortune had been diverted from my mother and me, her only child. She would not permit me to look into the closet where lurked the family skeleton. Others knew what I was ignorant of, and often I would notice persons regarding me with an expression in which pity seemed to be mingled with indignation.

As I grew up I developed a talent for music, and at my mother's death had sufficient funds to enable me to study abroad. On my return I gave music lessons, by which means I made a scant support. I was alone in the world, having no brothers or sisters, and my lot was a hard one. I had been told by my mother that at my birth it was expected I would some day be one of the wealthiest women in New York. I remembered this, and it made my efforts to eke out a living only the more intolerable.

Among those to whom I gave lessons was the daughter of a wealthy man named Shanklin. He was one of the new rich and, not having either the time or the taste to make a handsome home for himself, had bought a house with everything in it just as it stood at the death of the owner, a widow. The first time I entered the premises was with a singular feeling. It seemed that I had been in some house very like it. But where this other house was or what part of my life I had been in it I could in no way determine.

Now, I shall account for this feeling presently, but there is another circumstance that I cannot account for. I can show a coincidence, but the underlying reason is one of those mysteries which, if ever solved, must be solved by what I may call the science of soul. Over the mantel in the drawing room was the portrait of a beautiful woman in the prime of life. The moment I looked at this portrait I was seized with the most bitter repugnance. It seemed as if the original were doing me some great injury from which I could not escape. Never before nor since have I felt a desire to kill any one as I desired to kill the original of this picture. Yet I was fascinated with the beautiful face, the wealth of flaxen hair, the soft blue eyes. Why I should feel hostility to a face that was looking down on me benignly I could not divine.

The music room opened into the drawing room, and I often went into the drawing room alone. One day while gazing on the portrait it seemed to me that the eyes were looking toward an antique desk directly opposite. I went over and sat in the chair before the desk. Why I did so I do not know. Presently I turned and began to rummage the drawers. While doing so I struck my knuckle against a bit of carved work, and a drawer flew open. It contained two papers, one of which I opened and read.

I need not give the text of this document. It was the narrative of the daughter of an English army officer who had come to America and taken a position as governess. A married man who visited the house where she was employed had fallen in love with her and had insisted on divorcing his wife and marrying the governess. The man was of strong will and induced her to comply. The deserted wife gave birth to a daughter only a few weeks before the marriage of her husband with her rival.

The second wife seemed from the narrative to have been a very unhappy woman. She was ignored by her fam-

ily in England, which was aristocratic. She was received by the society of New York, but the friends of the woman she had supplanted never lost an opportunity to slight her. It appeared that she was good at heart, but had been led by the man who loved her. At his death he made her all the atonement he could by leaving her his entire property.

His widow, now possessing an enormous fortune, found herself alone in the world and, uninfluenced by the husband, not only gave vent to remorse at having broken up and despoiled a family, but made an effort to find the child that had been born while she was doing so. The narrative ended with mention of this effort.

I had no sooner taken up the other paper than I saw that it was a will, and my astonishment was great to see my own name written in it. Then I read that this person of my name was left all the testator's property. The matter being unintelligible to me, I took both papers to Mr. Shanklin. On reading them he looked at me wonderingly, then asked me a number of questions. Finally he said to me: "This, I happen to know, is the latest will disposing of your father's property by his second wife, who left it to you instead of her relatives, who claimed it. I bought this house from her. It is the house in which you were born. The testator's portrait hangs in the drawing room. The estate has not yet been turned over to the claimants, and I shall, if you wish, instruct my lawyer to enter this will in your behalf."

Thus it was that two life lines crossed, though one of the two beings was dead at the time of crossing. My mother directly before my birth had hated her rival, and I can understand my inherited antagonism on seeing the portrait. But why while looking at it I should have involuntarily searched the desk is another matter, which I leave for solution to those engaged in psychological research.

THOMAS BARBER JUDSON.

Vitality of a Frog's Heart.

There is no living creature, according to a Philadelphia surgeon, that has a heart with so much vitality as a frog, especially the species commonly known as the water frog. It is generally known that the aquatic frog will survive for months after the hind legs have been removed. Of course he cannot hop about as he could before losing his principal means of transit, but his fore legs help him to crawl wherever he desires to go. When I began to learn surgery I made a special dissection of a frog one day. I laid the various parts of the body on a table and discovered that life was extinct within a few hours in every organ except the heart. The heart showed valvular motion for a day after it had been severed entirely from the body. I am not aware that any other creature's heart is possessed of such vitality.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Saints and Disease.

The good St. Anthony owes scarcely more of his fame, probably, to his temptations than to the association of his name in popular speech with a disease. Erysipelas, known as the "sacred fire" before the eleventh century, owes its later name of "St. Anthony's fire" to the tradition that those who invoked the saint during a terrible epidemic of that time were cured. A complete list of complaints thus linked with the names of saints would be very curious. Neuralgia in the jaw is St. Apollonia's disease, sore throat or quinsy St. Blaise's, colic St. Erasmus', cancer St. Giles' and hydrophobia St. Hubert's. Epilepsy is either St. Aven-tin's disease or St. Mathurin's or St. John's evil. Insanity is St. Dymphna's disease and drunkenness St. Martin's evil.—London Chronicle.

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We are talking about

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Arcadia, Florida

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Gainesville, Fla., June 4, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before clerk circuit court at Arcadia, Fla., on July 19, 1906, viz: William H. Allen, of Moffitt, Fla., Hd 30848 for the SW 1/4 of section 7, tp 35 s., r 26 e.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Budd Summersalls, of Moffitt, Fla.; J. I. Whidden, of Moffitt, Fla.; Henry Walker, of Zolfo, Fla.; Marion G. Carlton, of Zolfo, Fla.
W. G. ROBINSON, Register.

Not So Very Unexpected.

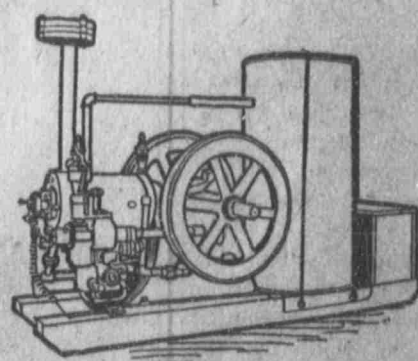
"Ada, dearest Ada, will you be mine?"
"Oh, Charles, this is so unexpected! You must give me a little time."
"How long, darling?"
"Oh, I will just call mamma. She is waiting in the next room."—Fflegende Blatter.

Willing.

"Now," began the philosopher, "take the life of your neighbor, for instance. He—"
"I'd do it in a minute," interrupted the practical man, "if the law would not interfere. He's learning to play the cornet."

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